

MARVEL
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THE REAL

Nº32 38p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™





Follow the yellow brick road. Follow the yellow brick road! Issue thirty-two of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** is streets ahead of the rest. Peter finds himself in a strange environment, amidst even stranger goings-on in **Ozbusters!** The Ghostbusters are on the road yet again for another adventure, but they're not the only ones who are travelling hopefully in **Traffic Warden Spook!** There's a ghoulish official on the streets, but our heroes decide to *clomp* down and Ray has just the *ticket* to drive him into a Trap for good. The Ghostbusters find that they have to *take off* on another bust soon after, though luckily, this one appears to be *plane* sailing! The problem is, would you trap a **Foul Weather Fiend**, or just *weather* the storm and hope that the sun comes out? If all this fabulous spook-rejecting fun isn't enough to get you perched on the edge of your seat, you can read a brand new story, featuring **The Real Ghostbusters** plus many other favourite characters in **THE MARVEL BUMPER COMIC** every fortnight!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



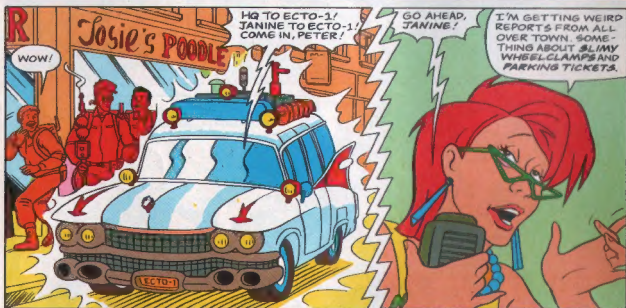
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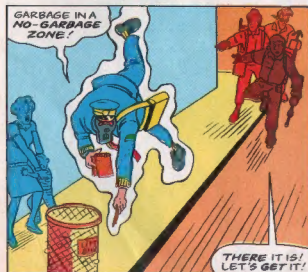
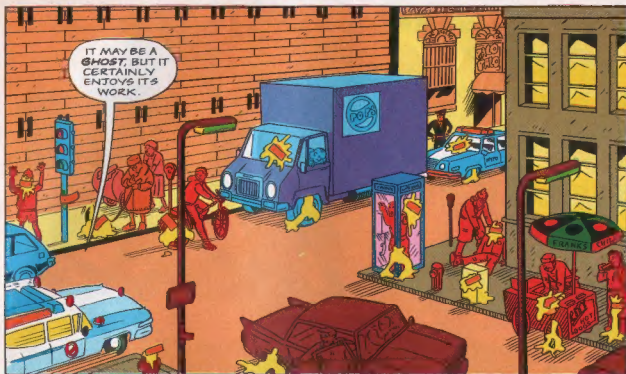
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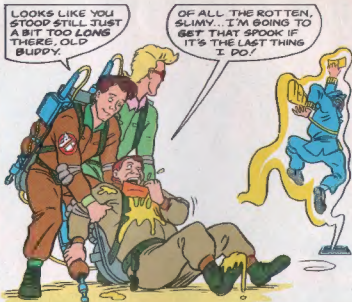


TRAFFIC WARDEN SPOOK!











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IS IT A COMIC?*



*IT'S A VALENTINE
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**BETTY
BOOP**™

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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE



Peter was telling me about a recent dream experience of his, and it set me thinking about dream prophecy, once again. In Peter's dream, and I'm sure in dreams you've had, he felt he knew what was going to happen. People, both asleep and awake, may also get the distinct feeling that they have experienced something before. This is all part of a bizarre and generally inexplicable phenomenon known as:

DÉJÀ VU

Second Time Around

Déjà vu (day-zha-vew) is a French phrase meaning, literally, 'already seen'. It is a common sensation felt by most people, but in its more extreme forms, it is a manifestation of a bizarre paranormal premonition. Physicians claim that déjà vu is caused by a microsecond disparity in the speeds at which the right and left hand portions of the brain absorb information. Something happens, the right lobe registers it fractionally ahead of the left, and when the information is registered by the left, the right sends out an impulse of surprise because it already knew. The impression that something is happening twice is false. The basic problem seems to be that the opposite halves of the brain don't get together often enough.

PART 32

I Have Been Here Before

Isabelle Mouchoire of the *Institute of Things Happening More Than Once*, in Paris, says that the phenomenon we call déjà vu is, in fact, all the ordinary human perceives of a massive spiritual backwash that regularly surges up through our dimension. This backlash, Madame Mouchoire insists, is caused by ectological warfare between the major ecto-entities of the Supercosmos, battling away to expand their territories and dominate the Spirit World. However, the Spirit World is not, as is our own dimension, merely an area of space. It is rather a vast area of space-time. Let me present a simple analogy: If two of your neighbours have a fight, you know because you can hear it through the wall, and indeed, the wall might shake with the vibra-


tions of the struggle. When our neighbours in the Supercosmos row, the vibrations we feel are reverberations in time as well as matter. Look at it this way: Nuglohoggtrub (Lord of the Seven Hells, class eight, red corner) takes a big swing at H'jjuytrukklo (Archdemon of Vice, class nine, blue corner) and the resultant wham sends ripples through time as far as the sixteenth century. Humans caught up in these ripples experience an 'overlapping' of time, as it were. They get caught in a fold and simultaneously experience the present and, say, three minutes into the future. The ripples clear and they then experience the real future again after three minutes. Hence: Déjà vu!

That Reminds Me...

This theory of Madame Mouchoire would also seem to explain the occurrence of the 'reincarnation' effect, whereby people claim to have lived a previous life as, say, an Egyptian pharaoh or a cowboy. This is likely to be due to really massive vibrations. Not so much ripples as tidal waves, which overlap whole lifetimes. Madame Mouchoir says that the last time this would've happened was the day Gozer (Arch Demon, class eight, great big pointy-teeth) called Ponquadrager (Tarot Demon, class eight, enormous scythe) a pathetic wimp.

OZ BUSTERS!



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **PHIL ELLIOTT** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

Yup. No doubt it. Absolutely. . . " were the first thoughts that crossed Peter's mind as he woke up. The thoughts were in answer to a series of questions which had been waiting around patiently whilst he dozed. The questions which fitted the answers were as follows:

- 1) "I'm lying on my face, right? (Yup)."
- 2) "The surface underneath me is made of smooth, cold, golden slabs isn't it? (No doubt about it)."
- 3) As far as I can remember, I didn't go to sleep in a bed made of solid gold blocks, did I? (Absolutely)"

Thus reassured, Peter raised his head and clambered to his feet.

The sky was clear blue. The bright yellow cornfields, dotted with red poppies, danced in the breeze on either side. The road, built of solid gold blocks stretched off into the distance before and after.

"This," said Peter, quoting Egon's famous catchphrase, "Doesn't usually happen."

"Dead right!" said Winston the Scarecrow, lumbering out of the corn with all the grace and co-ordination of giraffe on a skateboard.

"I'm sure glad you've showed up so we can get on with this. I was getting tired of waiting. Let's go!"

"Go?" asked Peter, in whose mind questions were now having to form an orderly queue. "Go where?"



"The Emerald City of Oz," replied the scarecrow, matter of factly, "You're going to lead me there so I can ask the Wizard to grant me a wish. I'm a poor simple scarecrow, and all I want is. . . a personal stereo, so I don't get bored standing in the fields all day."

"A personal stereo?" repeated Peter.

"Yeah, and maybe a *Wee Papa Girl Rappers*, LP too. . . and *The Pasadenas!*" Peter shook his head, partly in wonder and partly to sort out the crowd of questions who were all arguing with each other about which one would get asked first.



"Come on, we haven't got all day," broke in the rusty voice of Egon, who made a particularly good Tin Man. "I want to see Oz too, so I can ask him for a set of thermal underwear. This armour really scratches, and it really is quite drafty."

"Uh huh", agreed Peter, as the crowd of questions started slow hand-clapping and singing "Why are we waiting?"

"And I'm really hungry," complained Ray, The Lion. "I want a hamburger. Or an antelope," he added.

Peter decided it was time to address the questions in his head, mainly to keep them quiet for a while. "Listen. . ." he said, as a hush fell across the crowd of queries and they turned to look at him expectantly, "I appear to have woken up in the middle of a parody of the *Wizard of Oz*, with three of my friends taking the parts of Dorothy's companions. It is likely that at this rate, before too long, Janine will show up as the wicked witch of

the West, Slimer will turn out to be Oz, and I'll be asked to wear a gingham dress and ruby slippers."

"Pardon?" said Ray, the Hungry Lion.

"I wasn't talking to you." snapped Peter, and turned back to the questions.

"What are you going to do?" shouted one question, thankful to get himself asked at last.

"That," replied Peter, "is a very good question. Now I'll try and put myself in Dorothy's shoes..."

"Ho ho!" laughed the question about when the ruby slippers would turn up, just to show, that although he was only a question, he did have a sense of humour.

"I think," said Peter, "That I'll set off down the yellow brick road and maybe a plan will form as we go along. "Hey! We're off..."

So, off they went. Peter, the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, the Hungry Lion and a long, giggling, nattering procession of questions, queries, inquiries and interrogatives.

They passed the *Munchkin Village*, through the terrible grove of man-eating trees (where several questions such as 'You're not really going to eat me, are you?' and 'Goodness, are those all your own teeth?' bravely sacrificed themselves so that the others could escape), and finally arrived at the gates of Oz. 'Why are the gates green and slimy?' pushed himself to the front and got himself asked.

"Because this is what I was afraid of!" snapped Peter. "The Wizard of Oz is bound to be Slimer. Honestly! Who cast this dream anyway?" There was a cry of despair from a little way back as 'Who cast this dream anyway?' realised he hadn't been listening and therefore had completely missed his cue.

"Now what?" said a tiny question near the front.

"I've had enough of this. I'm going to wake up," announced Peter.

"Do you have to?" chorused about a dozen members of the crowd.

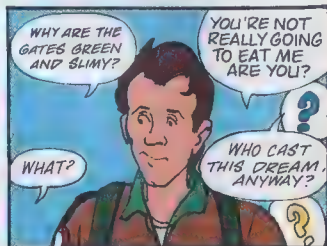
"Yes," said Peter. Then he did.

HQ was quiet as he wandered down from the bunkroom to tell the others about his dream. However, no one wanted to know. Egon was darning the knee of his thermal underwear. Ray was fixing himself a sandwich and Winston was singing along to his walkman and was oblivious to the world.

Peter sloped off crossly, shooting away the last few questions who had bothered to stick around. Slimer floated alongside him.

"Whassupp, Petepeteyfwendy?"

"Oh nothing..." Peter muttered.



Slimer hugged him to cheer him up, and floated off, pleased with his good turn.

Peter went off to shower and change.

"So," began a question sitting in his locker, "there's no place like home, right?"

Peter shut his locker. "Oh, go away!" he said.



THE GHOST BOASTER

This spook gave Janine a bit of a fright when he turned up and announced that he'd killed the Ghostbusters. The Ghostboaster was an example of a ghost which draws its power from some kind of emotion, in this case, hate. His overpowering personality manifested itself as an equally dominating physical form. Fortunately, Janine saw through his disguise, and as his confidence diminished, so did he. Once she'd dismissed his lies and brought him down to size, he could offer no resistance and climbed into the Ghost Trap almost of free will!



DEATH'S HEAD



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COMIC...

...AND
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YES?

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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi, folks! Your letters are still arriving by the sackful here at Ghostbusters' HQ and you've been asking some pretty brain-stretching questions, but I'm cool and can handle it—another ice pack please, Janine!

Dear Peter...

What is Slimer's hobby?
—Iain Rudd, Ware

Three guesses! He doesn't have time for a hobby, he's too busy eating!

How can people ring you when no one knows the 'phone number?
—Richard Johnson, Hull

Good point, Richard. The thing is, no one knows the number unless they have an emergency. There's nothing like a good fright to create enough desperation to find out. So, on the whole, the people who need us manage to get through to us in the end.

What is your favourite part of the fire station?
—Gareth Metcalfe, Ryton

Ghostbusters' HQ is like home to me, but I guess my favourite part has to be the kitchen—when Slimer isn't there anyway! Whoops! I almost forgot my New Year's Resolution. Slimer is free to join me in the kitchen any time!

I have some questions for you:
1. How did Egon come to know so much about science?
2. How did you get Slimer?
—Ian Regan, Devon

Thanks for your questions, Ian. 1. Egon studied science from a very early age. Before he had left his cradle, he'd already mastered the Theory of Relativity and the Archimedian Principle, so it's no surprise that he's so difficult to understand! 2. Slimer was one of the first ghosts we ever busted! He was causing chaos at the Sedgewick hotel, but we managed to bust him and half the hotel as well. He would have stayed in the containment unit for good, but Walter Peck, a busy-body official from the Environment Protection Agency, decided to shut the power off and all the spooks escaped, including Slimer. He was one of the last to be recaptured and by this time we all had a bit of a soft spot for him. He seemed to be house-trained, so we decided to let him stay as a kind of pest... sorry... I mean pet!

1. Does Slimer have his own bedroom?
2. Is he afraid of dogs?
—Maurice Forsythe, Belfast

1. Of course Slimer has his own bedroom! Would you share a room with something as gooey as him? Not that it's not nice goo, you understand, and it's not that there's anything wrong with his personality. We just believe that someone so wonderful as Slimer ought to have a room all to himself! 2. If you were a ghost, would you be scared of dogs? There are quite a few dogs who are scared of Slimer though—and humans too!

1. Are Spengler's Spirit Guide's true?
2. Do you work over Christmas?
3. How many spooks did you bust over Hallowe'en?
4. Why Dear Peter... why not Dear Winston...?
—Dylan Owen, Wales

Dylan! Have you ever known Egon to jest? 2. Yes, we have to work over all public holidays because you never can be sure when an emergency will strike! 3. Not that many. Just a few, small spooks which were rapping on doors! Do you read Spengler's Spirit Guide? 4. I answer all the mail because I usually get the most letters from fans. Winston used to get hardly any mail at all. In fact, there was a time when he got nothing for weeks on end, but that was all due to that meddlesome little Grudge Gremlin!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Who did Dracula marry?
The girl necks door!
—Daniel Kuzyszyn, London

What do you call a twelve-foot monster with a pointed head?
Lance!
—Graham Staines, Bath

Who wrote *Foaming at the Mouth*?
Dee Monic!
—Sally Warndale, Cheshire

Why did King Kong join the army?
To learn about gorilla warfare
—Michael Clarren, Fife

What kind of music do witches play on the piano?
Hag-time (rag-time)!
—Jason Garner, Southend

How do ghosts travel?
On fright trains (freight trains)!
—Colin Davison, Dundee

Why did no one visit the posh ghost?
Because he had such a ghastly manor!
—Sam Joplin, Harrow

Why do ghosts like tall buildings?
Because they have lots of scarecases (staircases)!
—Clive Mansfield, Clerkenwell

What do you call a monster who is married and has sixteen children?
Daddy!
—Gerry Malden, Newcastle

Do you know the story about the bodysnatchers?
I won't tell you, you might get carried away!
—Kevin Smith, Middlesex

What did the camper feel when he realised that his sleeping bag was haunted?
In tense fear!
—Sam Jameson, Ely

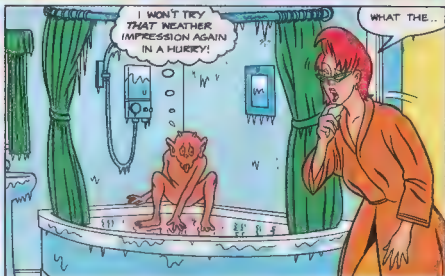
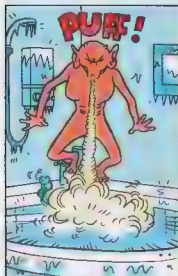
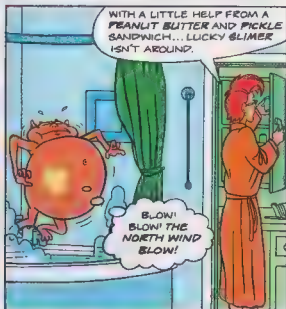
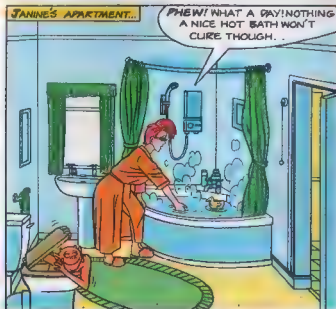
What did the grape say when the monster stood on it?
Nothing — it just gave a little wine (whine)!
—Joseph Carroll, Bristol

Why did the monster stop her son from eating chicken with his fingers?
Because fingers should be eaten separately!
—Michael Sandston, Manchester

What did it say on the zombie's party invitation?
Please come to the graveyard where I'll be digging up some old friends!
—Nathan Colley, Devizes

Why did the lonely man spend his days in the graveyard?
Because there was always somebody to talk to!
—Neil Bamford, Leicester

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q.

**RING!
RING!**



GHOSTBUSTER'S H.Q.

SLIMER, GET OFF! SHE SAYS SHE'S GOT A FROZEN GHOST IN HER BATHROOM... SOUNDS LIKE OUR MAN!

KEEP HIM SWEET 'TIL WE GET THERE.



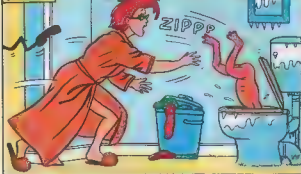
BACK IN JANINE'S BATHROOM.

DON'T WORRY—I'LL TRY NOT TO SPOOK HIM!

MY TIME TO SPLIT!

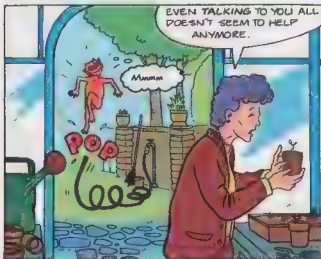


THEN...



MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE COUNTRY...

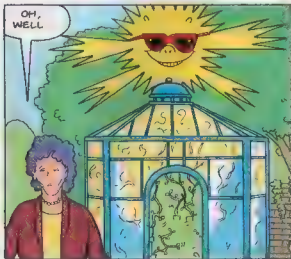
MY GREEN FINGERS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE...

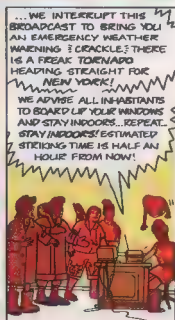
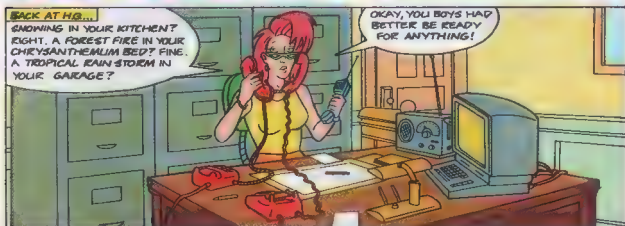
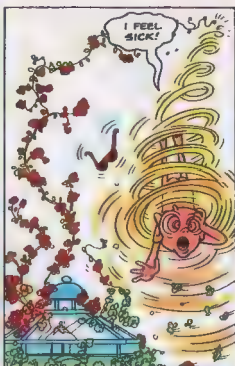
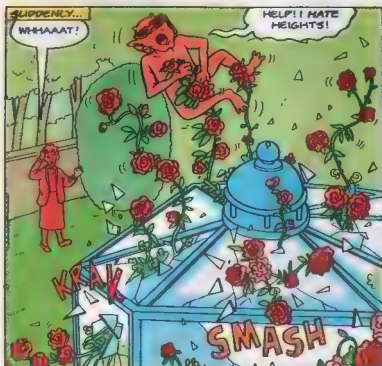


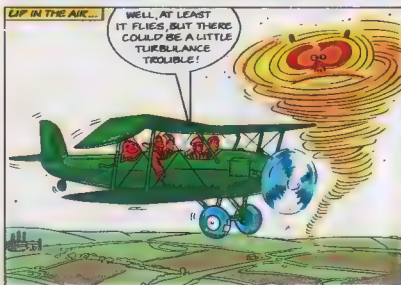
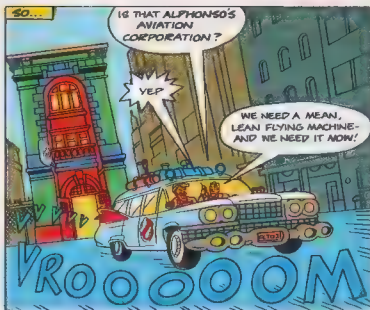
EVEN TALKING TO YOU ALL DOESN'T SEEM TO HELP ANYMORE.

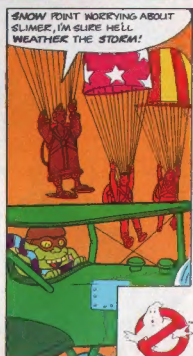
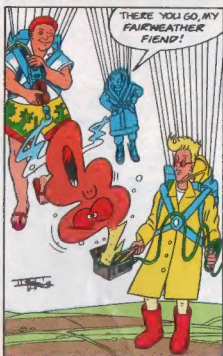
Mmmmm

OH, WELL.









BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



SLIMER NOT LIKEY DARKBLACKNESS!
SLIMER NOT CAN LOOKSEE
ANYTHING!!



I THINKY-BRAIN-WORK I'LL PUTTY
ON THE LAMPLIGHT SO I
CAN LOOKSEEE!



CLIK!



SLIMER SWITCHY
OFF LAMPLIGHT!!



SLIMER LIKEY DARKBLACKNESS!
NOW SLIMER CANNOT LOOKSEE
ANYTHING!!



Story BAMBOS ◯ Art and Lettering BAMBOS ◯ Colouring HEL

**BETWEEN
THE DEVIL...**



**...AND THE
DEEP BLUE SEA!**



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 201** It's Autobot versus Autobot, as Rodimus Prime and the future Transformers battle their present day counterparts! If that wasn't enough, enter the future Decepticons and a crisis alliance from Cybertron! The action, shocks and thrills come thick and fast in part 3 of *Time Wars*, by Furman and Smith.

☐ **THUNDERCATS 91** Deep inside Third Earth, Lynx-O and the Jivarrns go in search of the greatest gift of all – sight! *Country Of The Blind* is by Alan, Braithwaite and Baskerville. Plus *A Day Out For Bengali*, a text adventure by Dan Abnett, and all the usual Thundercats games and fun.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 8** If you thought the first incarnation of the Evil Dead was pretty lethal, wait till you meet the new team! Hack, Rend and Slash are the new players, and believe us – they live up to their names! Get ready for the Evil Dead's all-out assault on N.U.R.S.E... with *Dragon's Claws* slap bang in the middle! *The Evil Dead Too* is by Furman and Senior.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 32** Ecto-1 is sabotaged by an official looking spook, but the Ghostbusters have just the ticket for him! *Traffic Warden Spook* is by Watson and Ilya. A tempestuous little spook brews up a storm in *Foul Weather Fiend*, by Charters and Elliott, and the terrifying text story is *Ozbusters*, by Dan Abnett.

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 3** Death's Head hits the Los Angeles of 8162...and it hits back! A routine bounty-hunt becomes a deadly game of survival when the merciless mechanoid discovers that his target – Ogrus – is playing for *High Stakes*. Dealing out the black humour are Furman, Hitch and Hine.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **ACTION FORCE MONTHLY 9** When Action Force's Cover Girl goes undercover in Amsterdam, modelling a priceless diamond, it's a bait that Cobra can't resist! Trouble is, Cobra have considerably more in mind than simple robbery! *Diamond Lies* is by Furman, Smith and Elliott.

ON SALE NOW!

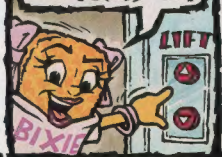
THE WEETABIX WORKOUT

I'M REALLY GETTING INTO THIS BODY-BUILDING, DUNK!



I SEE YOU'VE GOT TO GRIPS WITH THE DUMB-BELL!

THIS IS MY IDEA OF A PRESS-UP!



CRUNCH TAKES ON A LITTLE TOO MUCH!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO FILL A HOLE THIS BIG?



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THAT!

